

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published at Six o'Clock every Saturday Morning; and forwarded, Weekly or Monthly, to all Parts of the United Kingdom.

No. 30. LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1819. Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Notes on Africa; particularly those Parts which are situated between Cape Verd and the River Congo; containing Sketches of the Geographical Situations—the Manners, Customs, Trade, Commerce, &c. of the Various Nations in this extensive Tract; also, a View of the Capabilities for the Reception of Civilization. To which is added, an Appendix, containing a Compendious Account of the Cape of Good Hope, &c. By G. A. Robertson, Esq. 8vo. pp. 460. London, 1819.

THESE 'Notes,' as the author calls them, embrace a very extensive field; no less than giving original information respecting a country extending along a frontier of two thousand miles. Reserving any remarks we may make on this work, until the conclusion of our notice, we shall proceed to some of the most prominent and interesting parts of the volume. Speaking of the British settlement at Sierra Leone, our author says:—

'On a retrospect of the proceedings in this colony, it will appear that those persons who have had the direction of its affairs, have been either mistaken or misled, in their policy for bettering the condition of the African population contiguous to it: as, although the expense has been great, there is little appearance of improvement in either the morals or manners of the natives. A strong proof of the neglect of its local influence, and advantage of situation is, that the interior trade of the fine navigable river of Sierra Leone has not increased, or been taken advantage of, in proportion to the expense employed for that purpose. It is true that some efforts have been made to diffuse useful knowledge, and domestic habits, amongst those African inhabitants who are more immediately under European protection; but the effects are so confined that they are scarcely visible; and that protecting reciprocity is still wanting, which would ensure the benefits that ought to be derived from agricultural pursuits.'

Of the Cooroös, a people of Africa, living between Battoa and the River Sestos, we have the following interesting notice:—

'I believe that, to the indelible honour of these people, they have never been known to enslave each other, even for criminal offences of the most aggravated nature; and when any of them have been sold, or detained by others, they have been generally released, if it was in the power of the family to whom they belonged to redeem them.

'They are formed into clans. The whole produce of the industry of each party is paid to the chiefs as a common stock. This fund is applied to the liquidation of damages or offences of whatsoever nature, which are settled by award of the chiefs with the greatest possible equity.

'The greater part of the male population speak the English language fluently, and have been long employed by Europeans as confidential servants, which confidence they seldom abuse, and for all other menial or common employments. They manage small craft well, and are employed in the coast-

ing-trade to advantage. At present, many of them are employed at Sierra Leone, and other British settlements, as labourers: when vessels have lost their crews, they are extremely useful; and they often come to England without hesitation, as their confidence in Englishmen is well established.

'The females do the greater part of the labour, except in the planting season and harvest, when every one, male and female, is employed; and, of late, they are extending their culture of rice. If these people were impressed with proper ideas of the advantages resulting from the cultivation of cotton, there cannot be a doubt of their applying themselves to its growth with great industry.'

Cape Palmas, the harbour of which has hitherto been avoided, as dangerous, from its not being generally known, is recommended, by Mr. Robertson, as one of the most desirable situations for an European colony on the west side of Africa, on account of its commanding situation, as a link of connexion between Sierra Leone and the British possessions on the Gold coast, from which it is equidistant. The harbour is spacious and perfectly secured from the swell of the reef; the entrance from either the eastward or westward easy. The soil, in the vicinity, is good, and the spontaneous productions numerous. The people are harmless and docile, and would afford every assistance in their power to promote an European settlement.

As a commercial depôt, Cape Palmas has many advantages; there are many streams in its vicinity, which are navigable for small craft; hence an advantageous coasting trade might be carried on to a great extent.

As the manners and customs of the various tribes which inhabit Africa, are very similar, the descriptions of those in the vicinity of Cape Palmas may be considered as applicable to the whole; the same polity is, with few exceptions, exercised by the chiefs, whether the governments be monarchical, oligarchical, or republican; but, on this subject, our author shall speak for himself:—

'There are few established laws, except for adultery; that is uniformly punished with slavery, or confiscation of goods, to the value of a slave, to be paid by the male culprit. The women, also, forfeit their liberty in such cases; but this punishment is seldom resorted to, unless time has deprived them of those allurements which might be more valuable than the means derived from their sale; as it happens, frequently, to the misfortune of the unwary, that the husbands send their wives, with special orders, to entrap any one that may fall into their power, with a promise of being rewarded by part of the spoil so obtained. With all the barbarity of savage custom, the husband often watches to facilitate the detection of that crime which he himself, with deep designing villany, has planned.

'All common disputes are settled by the chiefs; and the decision is absolute, unless the Fetish men (priests), or the chief magistrate, interfere; in that case it is generally settled by ordeal; in either case, if the award be against the accused, the money must be paid on demand, or the relatives of the

debtor, or culprit, are seized and held as hostages until it is paid. Frequently, during the Slave-trade, many innocent victims to a barbarous custom were sent into captivity, and the offender remained unmolested; unless some one, not belonging to the same family, had been detained on his account. This often led to other evils. For innocent individuals, who had no knowledge whatever of the transaction, were often sold as a retribution for those who had been unjustly disposed of as a remuneration for the original debt or offence.

A most singular law prevails on some parts of this coast, especially in the vicinity of Cape Palmas: the son inherits his father's wives; even his mother becomes his property, although he continues to pay her the same respect, together with all the real and personal estates; and he continues to possess the same influence and power over the junior branches of the family which his father did: in fact, he becomes their common parent; and all their available industry, beyond what is sufficient to support them, goes to him, their common protector.

Petit thefts are common amongst them; and, when detected, an equivalent is paid by the head of the family to the injured party. Should the damages be excessive, the culprit is compelled to use every endeavour, even by the most servile employments, to reimburse the family fund. Indeed, the laws, although merely outlines, are founded on principles of justice, and are generally exercised in the same way, except where avarice, or a bad custom, has obtruded itself on the general rights of the people. However, one of the greatest causes of such evils is removed, by the abolition of the Slave Trade.

Their religion is completely Pagan; although the profuse use of tobacco, and other narcotics, is more prevalent here than ardent spirits, which has induced some persons to think that those customs must have originated in Islamism. The priests exercise an extensive and undue influence over the minds of the people, governing them and their conduct as they wish, in all things, without exception. Every individual is restrained from eating some article of common food; some are prohibited from eating fowls, others ducks, others mutton, &c. The priests manage with so much ingenuity, that their intrigues are seldom detected; and, if they are, the injured party are in such dread of their influence, that they are never accused, although their conduct is too frequently base and villainous in the extreme. Many of those who profess magic, pretend to be endowed, by inspiration, with the power of bringing evil upon those who are unwilling to be guided by them: hence the poor Africans are too often deprived of their whole property, to appease these designing wretches, and to prevent them from practising their witchcraft to their prejudice. There are not so many female magicians on this part of the coast, as in the Bight of Biafra, where they are more numerous than the other sex, but the number is sufficient here to be a very serious evil.

Their marriages are not attended with any religious ceremony, or farther form, than that the mother of the female, after the parents have received a trifling consideration from the intended husband, for their care of the bride during her minority, (about the value of forty shillings sterling,) takes her home in the evening, and waits with her friends, with barbarous brutality, to exhibit the vestal testimony of her chastity. The spectacle is carried through the town with acclamations, by a set of people who have nothing else to do. The opinions or affections of the females are never consulted, as they are at the disposal of the parents, who sell them to the best bidder, except when some of the chiefs want them, when it would be dangerous to refuse the terms offered.

The custom of dressing girls arrived at the state of puberty, and walking them in procession through the towns, attended by a band of female friends, who dance and sing, and give every other publicity to the circumstance, during and after the ambulation, is indelicate beyond all their other practices: even some of the men have modesty enough to be ashamed of it, and blame the women for this outrage on decency.

The funerals of wealthy persons are attended with more pomp than solemnity; a constant firing of musketry is kept up; spirituous and other liquors are distributed in the greatest profusion; and, after the body is interred, dancing, and many other Pagan customs, attended with revelry, are continued, for many days, without intermission. The only obsequies are performed by the wives of the deceased, and their female friends. They commonly meet in some public place, and express their sorrow, by the most vehement narration of the acts of beneficence which the husband had extended to his friends and others, during his life. They stimulate themselves to such an excess of grief, that they frequently become frantic, and have every appearance of insanity.

Their amusements are very gross: they dance in circles, and individually exhibit fantastical gestures, which produce plaudits from the group of spectators; a kind of harangue is sung in chorus by those who have joined in the performance. Drums are the instruments commonly used in their games; they are merely part of the boll of a tree, excavated, and covered at one end with a sheep or goat skin. They are very awkward in the use of them. Their songs and tunes are very barbarous, and have scarcely the character of music.

There are, however, some serious disadvantages attending Cape Palmas, as a site for an European Colony; the weather, from the beginning of May until the middle of October, is very bad and transitory; the rains generally continuing without intermission the whole of that time; while the thunder and lightning are awful in the extreme. The exhalations which arise from the swamps, produce intermitting fevers, which often terminate fatally; and, during the dry season, the heat is so intense in the day, that Europeans are very susceptible of cold; hence the great mortality from obstructions in the bowels and bilious affections.

Agriculture, in this line of the coast, is in its infancy; but the spontaneous productions of the earth are so ample, that little assistance is required to afford abundance. Many of the male population are employed in fishing, in which they are very expert. Their fishing lines are generally made of the fibres of pines, and are so strong as to enable them to draw large fish into the canoe:—

Their canoes are from fifteen to twenty feet long; they are cut from the large boll of a tree, and excavated to an oval *circinate* form, which causes both ends to be high out of the water, when they are afloat; hence they are less liable to be filled by the waves of the sea. They manage them with incredible dexterity, and pull them at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, even through a high swell. They commonly carry three or four persons, who sit on their knees, with their bodies resting on their heels; and, although it is impossible for any one not accustomed to them, to sit in them without upsetting, they are quite at their ease, and appear even less cautious than Europeans are in boats.

The domestic animals are few. They have some horned cattle, sheep, goats, and pigs. The antelope abounds in great variety, and edible birds are plentiful. There are no lions near the coast, but hyænas and jackals, which constantly infest the towns in the night; there are also some leopards and lynxes.

In the interior of Cape Apollonia, there is a *fathomless lake*, which appears to have been occasioned by some volcanic eruption. The accumulation of water here is very great during the rains, which swell the lakes so, that the ridge on which the town of Amaneahea is situated, appears like a narrow isthmus, the flood receding in the dry season nearly three miles.

The natives, in the neighbourhood of Dix Cove, worship the alligator, and have usually one so accustomed to be

fed by
where

'I w
circum
which i
held in
was thr
and in s
animal,

In a
Castle,
pursue
in am
trade v
ence.

The
the chi
which
sion of
whose

'He
through
of the
splend
floating
sion of
assembl
ration,
be used
accomp
Fantees
most sa

Of A
ing and

'A ri
Europe
had gain
duct wa
gave him
excited
by ever
length g
wealthy
affection
as he wa
quently
nephew
his ener
serious
Pynins
for the
nate the
resorted
mixture
more ce
ceased
chief pr
upon C
annually
greater
but as T
death w

'At
cries, w
from it
man str
This bl
the affa
was at
that ma

fed by the chief priest, that it will come out of a pond where it commonly lives, at any time when he calls it:—

‘I was induced,’ says the author, ‘from the novelty of the circumstance, to see it fed, and was surprised at the manner in which it lay at his feet, looking sternly at the fowl which he held in his hand whilst he pronounced an oration; when it was thrown down, the alligator caught it with great celerity, and in such a way, from the general opinion entertained of this animal, as I should not have anticipated.’

In an account of the British settlement at Cape Coast Castle, the author declares that the system of government pursued by the African Committee, will do no good in ameliorating the situation of the natives; and that trade would sooner find its level without our interference.

The story of the *Golden Axe*, commonly carried before the chief magistrate of the Ashantees in processions, and which occasioned a war with the Fantees, who got possession of it, was thus related to our author, by a native, on whose veracity he could depend:—

‘He relates that one of the priests on his perambulations through the woods, saw something waving among the leaves of the trees, which attracted his attention by its radiating splendour. On approaching it, he found the axe in question floating in the air, and, after many efforts, he obtained possession of it. When it was brought to the king, the priests were assembled to ascertain its qualities, which, after much deliberation, were found to be *persuasive*, and that it ought only to be used on particular occasions, when other means failed to accomplish the measures required: hence its retention by the Fantees was the cause of the war’s being conducted with the most savage ferocity.’

Of African injustice, we shall conclude with the following anecdotes:—

A rich merchant resided at Animaboö, who was known to Europeans by the name of *Tom Coffee*: by his industry he had gained many friends in the interior; his mercantile conduct was so exact, that the traders from the country generally gave him a preference in the sale of their commodities. This excited the jealousy of his opponents in trade, who sought, by every means in their power, to injure him. Accident at length gave them an opportunity of accusing him. He had a wealthy uncle, to whom he was heir, and who, by the most affectionate conduct, had evinced a great regard for him, and as he was his adviser in his mercantile speculations, they frequently dined together. The uncle died suddenly, and the nephew was accused of having been the cause of his death; his enemies following up the accusation, it soon assumed a serious character; the affair was laid before a session of the Pynins and Fetich-men, priests, which had been assembled for the purpose; but as the evidence did not tend to criminate the unfortunate victim of their vengeance, ordeal was resorted to; that also failed, as he vomited the deleterious mixture, and ought, thereby, to have been acquitted; but more certain means were resorted to: the relations of the deceased were assembled, and formed into a circle around the chief priest, who set a pole on his head, and it of course fell upon Coffee, who was sentenced to pay a large sum in gold annually, or lose his head. After they had robbed him of the greater part of his estate, the sentence was at length revoked; but as Tom Coffee died soon after, it was suspected that his death was occasioned by some unfair proceeding.

‘At Tatum, the mother of a child was attracted by its cries, which were caused by a pig having taken something from it of which it had been eating: as was natural, the woman struck the pig with a stick which happened to be near. This blow, the owner of the pig contended, caused its death; the affair, however, remained many years unnoticed, but it was at length brought forward, and urged with such rigour, that many persons were involved in it who were not born at

the time the transaction took place. As the animal was a female, the damages were calculated at a higher rate, and the result was, that every one connected by the most distant affinity with the unhappy mother, to the number of thirty-two husband, children, and all that were most dear, were sold as a remuneration for the loss of a pig. The avarice of the chiefs, who received a proportion of the spoil, was then only restrained when there was nothing more to be disposed of. The same monstrous practice is adapted on the loss of fowls; and the claims calculated in the same way: whole families have been sold for a single chicken.

‘Sorcery is also resorted to. Those who profess Sooman, the power of prediction, are very industrious in finding out the causes of uncommon occurrences, and usually ascertain that they have been occasioned by witchcraft. To the misfortune of those females who have a numerous progeny, and relatives by the female line, they are frequently accused and found guilty; every one connected with them, by the most distant affinity, is then sold, and the amount of their sale divided among the chief and priests.’

(To be concluded in our next.)

History of Brazil. By Robert Southey. 3 vols. 4to. pp. 2327. London, 1810, 1817, 1819.

MR. SOUTHEY is so prolific a writer, and appears so often before the public, that, to use the words of our venerable monarch, to Dr. Johnson, ‘we should think he wrote too much if he did not write so well.’ Of his poetical works, it is not now our business to speak, nor is it necessary, as fame has long since placed the name of Southey in the first rank of living poets. Of late years, however, he has confined himself to humble prose, nor has the laureatship tempted him to quit it, unless (we believe) on two occasions.

The history of Brazil, which has been published at different periods, is an able work. Mr. Southey is not an eloquent historian, but he is an industrious one; and, in the weighing of the authorities and examination of disputed facts, he always discovers much acuteness and discrimination. As the work is now completed, by the publication of the third volume, we shall take a rapid review of the whole.

The author well observes in his preface, that ‘something more than the title promises is comprised in the present work. It relates the foundation and progress of the adjacent Spanish provinces, the affairs of which are in latter times inseparably connected with those of Brazil.’

In writing the History of Brazil, little information was to be obtained from the works already printed; the author, therefore, had to look to other sources, especially for such part of the history as relates to the last century. This he has been enabled to supply by an extensive collection of manuscripts, formed during a thirty years’ residence in Brazil, to which he has had access.

The first volume of this work comprizes the History of Brazil and the adjacent Spanish provinces, from the first discovery of the coast in 1499, by Vicente Yanez Pinzou, who had sailed with Columbus in his first voyage, to the year 1639. The second volume brings the history down to near the close of the seventeenth century, and the third volume concludes the work.

When Pinzou first landed on this coast, at Cape St. Augustine’s, his party had a rencontre with the natives, one of whom they attempted to seize, but they were dexterous in the use of the sword and the bow, and killed eight of his men, wounding many more, and pursuing them with

the most determined bravery to their beats. Pinzou revenged his loss in a cruel manner, for when he discovered the Maranham river, and was hospitably received by the inhabitants of the islands, he repaid their kindness by seizing about thirty of those unoffending people, and carried them away to sell for slaves.

The coast which Pinzon had discovered, lay within the Portuguese limits of demarcation, and, before he reached Europe, it had been taken possession of by the nation to whom it was allotted.

As soon as Vasco de Gama had returned from the discovery of India, King Emanuel, of Portugal, fitted out a second and far more powerful expedition, to the command of which he appointed Pedro Alvarez Cabral. This expedition sailed from the Tagus, in March, 1500. As soon as Cabral landed on the coast of Brazil, he had mass celebrated with every solemnity. The natives assembled at the ceremony, and imitated the congregation in every thing as if they thought to gratify them by joining in the forms of devotion. The Portuguese ships had hitherto taken out stone pillars, with the arms of Portugal engraved thereon, to set up in the lands which they might find, and by this act, secure them for King Emanuel. Cabral was not provided with any of these pillars, as his destination was to follow the track of Gama, and he had been driven to Brazil by contrary winds. He erected a cross instead, and took possession of the whole province for the crown of Portugal, naming it Santa Cruz, or the land of the Holy Cross. He then dispatched tidings to Lisbon, and, leaving two criminals on shore, who, as usual, had been sent in the expedition, that they might be exposed upon any dangerous service, and proceeded on his way to India. One of these men lived to return, and afterwards served as interpreter in these parts.

Amerigo Vespucci was soon afterward sent to explore the new country. As he found that the natives evinced a savage disposition, he waited some time without landing. At length two sailors volunteered, but never returned. Seven days after, the Portuguese landed, the natives showed a reluctance to advance, and a young man of great strength and activity was chosen to go and meet them, while the rest returned to the boats.

'The women surrounded him, handling and examining him with evident curiosity and wonder; presently there came down another woman from the hill, having a stake in her hand, with which she got behind him, and dealt him a blow that brought him to the ground. Immediately the others seized him by the feet and dragged him away, and the men rushing to the shore discharged their arrows at the boats. The boats had grounded upon a sand bank; this unexpected attack dismayed the Portuguese; they thought rather of escape than of vengeance, till remembering at length that the best means of securing themselves was by displaying their power, they discharged four guns at the savages, who fled to the hills. There the women had dragged the body; they cut it in pieces, held them up in mockery to the boats, broiled them over a huge fire which had been kindled, as it seemed, for this purpose, and devoured them with loud rejoicings in sight of the Portuguese, to whom they intimated by signs that they had in like manner devoured their two countrymen. At this abominable sight forty of the crew would have landed to revenge their comrades but they were not permitted.'—Vol. i. p. 15.

In a subsequent expedition, in 1504, Amerigo Vespucci formed the first settlement in this country, to which he gave the name of Brazil, notwithstanding the holier appellation which Cabral had given it. It was the system

of the Portuguese government to make its criminals of some use to the state, and they were thus often sent as the first colonists, and this system was extended to Brazil.

The French began very early to claim a share in the wealth of the discoveries, and vessels were soon sent in quest of the woods, the parrots, and monkeys of Brazil; their first expedition was, however, unsuccessful, the two traders being sunk by the Portuguese squadron.

Twenty years afterwards, Sebastian Cabot made a voyage to Brazil, named the river Plata, and remained there five years. Mendoza laid the foundation of Buenos Ayres, but he was a wretched leader, quarrelled with the natives unnecessarily, to whom he improvidently trusted for provision, so that, after marking out a city and commencing mud walls for its defence, his men were subjected to the horrors of famine.

'Their strength began to fail for want of food. Rats and snakes, and vermin of every eatable size were soon exterminated from the environs. Three men stole a horse to eat it. Mendoza was cruel enough to hang them for this; they were left upon the gallows, and, in the night, all the flesh below the waist was cut from their bodies. One man ate the dead body of his brother; some murdered their messmates, for the sake of receiving their rations as long as they could conceal their death, by saying they were ill.'

Buenos Ayres was burnt by the savages, and Mendoza, returning to Spain, died on the voyage.

Another adventurer was Don Diego de Ordaz, who, obtaining a grant of conquest, attempted to ascend the Amazons, and then the Orinoco. Gonzalo Pizarro set out in quest of El Dorado, in 1541, but when the natives could give him no account of the promised land, the golden kingdom which he coveted, with the true spirit of a Pizarro, a name never to be uttered without abhorrence, he tortured them to extort a confession of what they did not know, and could have no motive to conceal; burnt some alive and threw others alive to his dogs,—blood hounds, which were trained in this manner to feed upon human flesh.

Cabeza de Vaca succeeded Mendoza in the Plata. He marched over land from St. Catalina, passed the Parana, arrived at Assumption, and gave orders to refound Buenos Ayres. He encountered the Guaycurus, a courageous tribe, over whom he gained an advantage; but pushing his discoveries further than his followers wished, they mutinied and sent him prisoner to Spain. Cabeza's party found some monkeys, vampyre bats, and ants, of which a short notice may be interesting. The monkeys were bearded, and remarkably like a man in their countenance.

'They are social animals; the Portuguese call a troop of them a choir, from the circumstance which Linnæus has noticed, of their singing in concert at sun rise and sun set. Being otherwise defenceless they are provided with organs of voice which enable them to terrify a man, when he is not accustomed to the terrific sound. That part of the throat which in many countries is called Adam's apple, from a vulgar fable, is in these creatures formed of bone instead of cartilage, and shaped like a kettle drum, the hollow side inward. Their cry of fear, therefore, is so powerful, that it may be heard for miles around; it is a deep bray in octaves, and during the alarm which this unexpected and monstrous sound occasions, they generally make their escape.'

The natives always housed their poultry in the night, the ducks to catch the crickets, which breed in the thatch and eat all their skins and other articles of clothing; and

the fow
otherw

'Th
pigeon
tries w
them.
the no
patient
hold on
Vaca w
in the m
the wou
enemy
them six
vampire
them an
horses
upon the
dant wo
the most

'The
more tro
two sort
either oc
that the
the whol
the vend
sting of
quences
man's fo
wound w

Herm
tlement
St. Cata
who carr
was not a
but a Fr
decided a
rated.

A mos
commenc
as the su
the histor
shall not,
ing, that
suit woul
put to d
once. A
in Brazil
however,
united.

The F
Brazil, w
there, wo
made Par
Pitagoare
and the I
pelled fro

The un
time invol
till now,
they had
of St. Salv
dies and
coast of B
which was
out by the

the fowls to protect them from the vampire bat, who would otherwise fasten on their combs :—

‘ This vampire, the body of which is larger than that of a pigeon, is as great a curse as the fabled harpy, to the countries which it infests. Neither man nor beast is safe from them. The parts of man which they attack are the thumb, the nose, and, in preference to all others, the great toe; the patient is not awakened by their bite, and they continue to hold on like leeches till they have had their fill. Cabeza de Vaca was bit by the toe, a coldness in his leg awakened him in the morning, he found the bed bloody, and was looking for the wound, when his people laughed and explained what enemy had wounded him; the Spaniards had brought with them six breeding sows, meaning to stock the country; these vampires bit off the teats of all, so that it was necessary to kill them and all their young. It was with great difficulty that the horses could be secured from them; they delighted to fix upon their ears, and it may well be imagined how such a pendant would terrify an animal, which of all animals seems to be the most violently agitated by fear.

‘ The ants, which are so great a curse to Brazil, were here more troublesome, though less mischievous. They were of two sorts, red and black, both very large, and the bite of either occasioned such intolerable pain for twenty four hours, that the sufferer commonly writhed on the ground, groaning the whole time. No remedy was known, but the force of the venom spent itself without leaving any ill effect. The sting of a species of fish found here was of worse consequences; it struck with such force as to pierce through a man’s foot; there was an antidote for the poison, but the wound was long in healing.’

Hermanda de Rebera reached as far as the Spanish settlement on the side of Peru. Hans Stade penetrated to St. Catalina, and was taken prisoner by the Tupinambas, who carried him home to be eaten. Hans pleaded that he was not a Portuguese, and therefore not liable to be eaten; but a French interpreter, to whom the plea was referred, decided against him. He, however, was at length liberated.

A most important era in the History of Brazil now commences the establishment of the Jesuit mission; but, as the subject would occupy too much of our space, and the history of that mission is tolerably well known, we shall not, for the present, notice it further than by observing, that nothing but the unwearied perseverance of a Jesuit would have succeeded, since their first bishops were put to death, and forty of them suffered martyrdom at once. As soon as the Portuguese had got a good footing in Brazil, it was divided into two governments; this, however, was inconvenient, and they were soon after reunited.

The French, who had repeatedly been driven from Brazil, whenever they attempted to form even a factory there, would not abandon the trade of that country. They made Paraiba their port, and allied themselves with the Pitagoares, who possessed the country between that river and the Rio Grande. The French, however, were expelled from this post in 1583.

The unhappy subjection of Portugal to Spain, at this time involved Brazil in hostilities with the English, who, till now, had never appeared there as enemies, though they had traded with the Indians before the foundation of St. Salvador. An expedition destined for the East Indies and China, under Edward Fenton, stood off the coast of Brazil, and engaged two Spanish ships, one of which was sunk. Another predatory expedition was sent out by the Earl of Cumberland, under the command of

Withrington; a third, under the command of Cavendish, who burnt St. Vincente, but was afterwards repulsed and died of a broken heart. Lancaster’s expedition was more prosperous; he took Recife, and several vessels richly laden, with which he returned home.

The establishment of a West India Company in Holland, was followed by an attempt to gain a footing in Brazil. After several unsuccessful attacks on various parts, and those scenes of cruelty which have always marked the progress of the Dutch wherever they have commenced a colony, Rio Grande, Recife, Paraiba, and Nazareth, were all taken. Maria de Sousa, one of the noblest women of the province, distinguished herself by her heroism on this occasion. In the action before Nazareth, her son, Estevam Velho, fell:—

‘ Already in this war she had lost two other sons, and her daughter’s husband; when the tidings of this fresh calamity arrived, she called her two remaining sons, one of whom was fourteen years of age, the other a year younger, and said to them, “Your brother Estevam has been killed by the Dutch to-day; you must now, in your turn, do what is the duty of honourable men in a war wherein they are required to serve God, and their king, and their country. Gird on your swords, and when you remember the sad day in which you girt them on, let it not be for sorrow, but for vengeance; and whether you revenge your brethren, or fall like them, you will not degenerate from them nor from your mother.” With this exhortation she sent them to Mathias, (the governor of the fort) requesting that he would rate them as soldiers. The children of such a stock could not degenerate, and they proved themselves worthy of it.’

The number of different tribes who inhabited the river Orellana, were estimated, by Acuna, at more than a hundred and fifty, all speaking different languages, and bordering so closely upon each other, that, in many places, the sound of the axe in the villages of the one, could be heard by the other, yet, notwithstanding this close neighbourhood, they lived in a state of perpetual war. Their common weapon was the throwing stick, called *estolica*, which was used by the Peruvians. It is described as flat, between four and five feet long, and three fingers broad; at the end a bone rest was fixed; against this, they took such certain aim, that if a tortoise put forth his head, they would instantly transfix it. The bow and the arrow were, however, more formidable arms. The canoes of the natives were of cedar, and the river, which was often floated with timber, saved them all the trouble of felling trees. Tortoise shell served for axes; but some tribes had stone axes, which did the work more expeditiously. They had idols of their own making, each distinguished by some fit symbol, as the God of the River, by a fish in his hand; another was supposed to preside over the seeds and harvests; a third to be the giver of victory. In general, the tribes upon the Orellana were less dark of complexion than the Brazilian nations. They were well made and of good stature, of quick understanding, docile, and disposed to receive any instruction from their guests, and render them any assistance.

(To be continued.)

Sketch of the Life, Character, and Writings, of Baroness de Staël-Holstein. By Madame Necker de Saussure. Translated from the French. 8vo. pp. 363. London, 1820.

MADAME DE STAEL was a lady possessed of such extraor-

dinary genius and splendid talents, and filled so important a part in the literature and politics of the time in which she lived, that whatever relates to her as illustrative either of her public or private character, cannot fail of being interesting. The first of female writers, perhaps, of this or of any age, she not only possessed a commanding influence in France during the most eventful period of its history, but her opinions were inquired after with eagerness, and respected, if not admired, in every state of Europe.

Some persons have affected to question the moral tendency of the writings of Madame de Staël, and, passing over the knowledge of human nature, the fidelity of observation, and the acuteness of remark, which she displayed in all her writings, have, with a most fastidious delicacy, carped at some passages, which, taken even abstractedly, were never doubtful.

The present work does not contain a regular biographical memoir of this illustrious woman; but a critical examination of her writings, and a variety of anecdotes of her domestic and social life; and, when it is known that these anecdotes are related by the friend and near relation of Madame de Staël, who was honoured by her with the appellation of sister, and passed many years of her life in the closest intimacy with her, it will not be doubted that they are highly interesting.

We will not follow Madame de Saussure through her critical remarks on the respective works, of Madame de Staël, and this is the less necessary as their superior excellence is now universally acknowledged; but shall content ourselves with making one extract from this part of the work, and then pass on to that part of it which describes her in private life, which is the more interesting as it is the least known. In a 'general examination of the talents of Madame de Staël,' the author remarks:—

'Before she appeared, religion and knowledge had their separate defenders. These two grand causes have been pleaded, as we may say, in opposition: each finding itself a stranger to a whole system of ideas, there has been, in this respect, a secret division among mankind, one party only appearing to tolerate the reign of reason, the other that of faith, out of pure civility.

'Madame de Staël alone has embraced, with equal zeal, the party of knowledge and that of religion: she alone has adopted, from the bottom of her heart, whatever was best in different ages; combating, on one side, ancient prejudices and ignorance, and, on the other, modern selfishness and incredulity.'

'Madame de Staël loved what was about her, and extended to human nature her affection for her friends. What her style wants of minute finish, is more than compensated by the charm of the first impulse, by the freshness of the inspiration, if I may venture to use the term. It is the stream gushing with vivacity from the fountain, that sparkles as it flows.

'But something else may be remarked in her talents than this combination of different faculties: there is a marked originality in each, yet all bearing a similar stamp, which is peculiar to Madame de Staël. This peculiar stamp originates from her character, from the strength as well as the versatile nature of her impressions, from those sudden bursts of indignation, of compassion, of haughtiness, and also from her never ceasing to be a woman.

'This last is, perhaps, her secret charm. She addresses herself as a woman to the reader, and presents herself personally to him, to tell him what passes in her mind, and also in his own. But she is aware, that he would soon forget her being a woman, if she ceased to appear amiable or attractive to him: accordingly, whether she endeavours to instruct or

dazzle, she never overpowers him with her superiority; she never arrogates to herself any pre-eminence. It seems as if chance had afforded her a good place at the theatre of moral affairs, and she recited what was thus offered to her view.

'Sometimes, too, she presents herself as a child guiding a wise man, whose sight is a little indistinct. She explains to him all he perceives confusedly, and places him in a bright sunshine, that he may see a little more clearly himself. When she comes to lead him through steep and difficult paths, she says to him, "do not be afraid; you will be glad you have passed; we shall soon get safe out of it." Constantly endeavouring to render the road agreeable to him, she brings herself forward to divert him, by rallying herself a little for the strong impressions she receives. Persons, words, faces, accents, attitudes, dresses, every thing, in fact, strikes her, every thing is characteristic in her pictures. She knows herself as well as she knows others; and that blind instinct, which so frequently determines us to like or dislike, is in her a feeling founded on motives, of which she gives a clear account.

'The precision of her views is such, that we forget their extreme delicacy. She has no vain subtilty, does not compel her readers to discern what is imperceptible, but every thing enlarges under her hands. Her whole attention is bent for an instant to each point, and it becomes so distinct to her, that none of its bearings escape her notice: but she takes care to connect threads too slender of themselves with others more strong, the importance of which is acknowledged. Thus we easily pass with her from the particulars to the whole, and we find ourselves at once at the root of ideas, when we fancied we were only tracing their remotest ramifications.'

'The copiousness of her thoughts is extraordinary. Perhaps no writer has equalled her in this respect. Take at a venture any three of her pages, and three of the authors most abounding in wit, we may venture a wager that the number of striking and original ideas will be greatest in Madame de Staël. Not that she affects conciseness; every thought is amply furnished with the necessary words; but we are not accustomed to see so many thoughts together, and perhaps there are two many—perhaps certain phrases, which are superfluous to the train of reasoning, have on the mind the effect of those bits of cloth in the harpsichord, which stop the vibration of one string before another is struck. The succession of thoughts is too rapid and continual in Madame de Staël, to allow ordinary minds to keep pace with it. She is the goddess of plenty; she scatters from full hands, corn, pearls, roses, ribands, and diadems. We would let nothing escape us, because every thing is of value; but we may be fatigued in collecting it.'

'On the whole, the works of Madame de Staël appear to belong to a new age; they announce, as they tend to produce, another period in society and in literature; the age of strong, generous, animated thoughts; sentiments proceeding from the bottom of the heart. She has furnished the idea of a literature in some sort, rather spoken than written; of a kind in which the extempore speaking of national assemblies, unrestrained confidence, and conversational sallies, inform us more strongly and more intimately of politics, of the passions, and of society, than studied rhetoric has ever done.'

The second part of this work is entitled, 'Social and Domestic Life of Madame de Staël,' and consists of a series of characteristic anecdotes, best calculated to exhibit this estimable woman in the truest light:—

'The distinctions between different kinds of attachment were never less marked than in her. The sentiment was one and the same in her, and assumed the decided cast of her character, much more than that of the different relations of life, or the disposition of the persons she loved. In her, maternal and filial affection, friendship, gratitude, all seemed love. There was passion, or at least emotion, in all her attachments. They appeared to differ rather in intensity than in kind; and they were naturally expansive, ardent, impetuous, and even

stormy; in Madame de Staël, which the pose to comprehend time she knew, she judged, she approached, but because pitying her

The evinced attention conceived

'It was with Madame de Staël that her never ceased, protected, prayers; her, taken for me.' was to her parted with finding g imagined same effort her to love recalled sion on l cerned s time of h degree c more ex grieved a would y I altered the heart her assist her heart are poor,

Her a and, although towards M with severe unfavourable utmost it:—

'There which, a sculpture airy figure another, woman v her husband emblem, life eternal

The m following

" "

Madam ships. S and she and yet

stormy; not that these storms were the effect of any caprice in Madame de Staël, but she revolted against the obstacles which the frame of society, and often human indolence, oppose to the enjoyments of the heart. For a long time she comprehended only her own manner of loving; for a long time she refused to believe the existence of sincere sentiments, that did not express themselves like hers; and the clear knowledge that she had of herself led her into error, when she judged of others from herself. But her most ardent reproaches were also the most affecting; her love was conspicuous through her anger. She never gave pain to another, but because she felt more herself, and you could not avoid pitying her, even when she wounded you most severely.

The affection of Madame de Staël for her father, evinced itself on every occasion, by the most watchful attention on him during his life; and, after his death, she conceived she had lost every earthly comfort with him:—

‘It would be necessary to relate how every day passed with Madame de Staël, if we would give an idea of the place that her deceased father constantly retained in her heart. She never ceased to live with him. She always felt herself protected, consoled, succoured by him. She invoked him in her prayers; and never did any occurrence, that was fortunate for her, take place, without her saying, “My father obtained that for me.” His miniature she always carried about her, and it was to her the object of a kind of superstition. She never parted with it, except on one occasion. Very ill herself, and finding great consolation in contemplating this portrait, she imagined that when her daughter lay in, it would produce the same effect on her. Accordingly, she sent it to her, desiring her to look on it, when she was in pain. Every old man, too, recalled her father to her mind, and made a particular impression on her. To every thing in which old men were concerned she was peculiarly sensible; and once, when in the time of her persecutions, an old man acted towards her with a degree of pusillanimity, then common, and undoubtedly more excusable at such an age, she was extraordinarily grieved at it. “I am very silly,” said she to me, “but what would you have? he was kind, he was old, he sat at my table, I altered my hours for him, and all these things grieve me to the heart.” Her bounty to the aged, who stood in need of her assistance, was immense; the idea of their sufferings tore her heart, and, as true Christians see Jesus Christ in all who are poor, she saw her father in every man that was old.’

Her affection for her mother was scarcely less ardent; and, although she manifested the utmost forbearance towards Madame de Genlis, who never ceased to attack her with severe criticisms, yet, when the same lady spoke in unfavourable terms of Madame Necker, it was with the utmost difficulty she could be restrained from resenting it:—

‘There is great beauty in the thought of that bas-relief, which, after the death of M. Necker, Madame de Staël had sculptured on the funeral monuments of her parents. An airy figure, as if already beatified, is drawing towards the skies another, that appears to look with compassion on a young woman veiled, and prostrate on a tomb. Madame Necker, her husband, and her daughter, are represented under this emblem, which likewise indicates the passage from this life to life eternal.’

The motto of Madame de Staël might have been the following verse, which she often repeated with emotion:—

“O liberté de Rome! ô mânes de mon père!”
 “O Roman freedom! manes of my father!”

Madame de Staël could not avoid forming many friendships. She whispered this sentiment almost at first sight, and she was touched with the effect which she produced; and yet it was difficult to attain the highest places in her

affections. ‘There are ninety degrees fixed,’ said she, ‘in my affections, and only ten moveable.’ She was always free in her remarks on her friends, and spared none of the objects of her attachment:—

‘This continual appreciation of her friends, not only every one, but of each daily, this appreciation made incessantly in their presence, sometimes hurt them, and led them to doubt her affection. “With you we must submit to be judged at fresh cost every morning,” said I to her. “What signifies it,” answered she, “if I love thee more every evening?”—She added, “Were I going to the scaffold, I could not help passing judgment on the friends that accompanied me.”’

In her habitual society, Madame de Staël was full of charms. In her company there was no restraint; thus her superiority did not bear heavy on any person; she asked only for amusement, not for trials of skill:—

‘She could not endure people to talk with indifference. “How can he expect me to attend to him,” she would say, “when he does not do himself the honour to attend to himself?” She could better endure certain defects of character than a mind dried up and disgusted; and she said one day of an egotist and caviller, “That man talks only of himself; but he does not tire me, because I am certain at least that he feels interested in what he says.”’

‘She had an occupation in society very different from that of shining and pleasing; she was the naturalist, observing a species, as well as the orator that would persuade.

‘But what deranged this study completely, what took from her all interest in people’s words, was affectation. This fault, which effaces every prominent feature, which substitutes a false and monotonous phantom, instead of the immense variety of moral nature, was profoundly tiresome to her, and scarcely less vexatious. She expressed herself thus on the subject: “There is never any such thing as a *tête-à-tête* with affected people; the personage assumed makes a third, and it is this, that answers when you speak to the other.—Affected people are the only persons from whom nothing is to be learned.” Exaggeration, too, displeased her much. “It is no proof of imagination to put a hundred in place of ten,” she would say. For the same reason she was always suspicious of great expressions of sensibility: “all natural feelings,” she remarked, “have a degree of modesty.”’

From a sketch of her conversation, political opinions, and repartees, we shall select a few of the most striking passages:—

‘When she was told of the follies of some witty man, she would say, “Give him more wit, and all these will vanish.” One of her Swedish friends observing to her, “Whatever you may say, witty people commit a great many faults,” she answered, “that is very true; but, unfortunately, stupid persons do the same, though nobody thinks it worth while to notice them.” Another time she said, “the follies of men of wit are the profits of ordinary men.”’

Her attachment to France never abated, not even when she had been banished from it, and incurred the enmity of its rulers.—‘I have a corroding grief respecting France,’ she wrote, ‘which I love more than ever.’ And, again, ‘I have felt clearly that I cannot live without that France.’ But it must be confessed her country was more especially Paris:—

“Show me the *rue de Bac*,” said she once, to some persons who wanted her to admire the splendid view of the lake of Geneva and its banks. “I would willingly live at Paris,” said she again, “with a hundred pounds a year, in a lodging up four pair of stairs.” In 1806, when she spent four days in Paris in concealment, her greatest pleasure was to walk out at night, to view the streets by moonlight. “I have a constancy of heart,” she wrote, “and an inconstancy of mind, for which

a country is formed, where the scenes are incessantly renewing, and where I have my old friends."

"It is very remarkable, that, always cutting to the quick in disputation, always touching the most sensible points, she always conciliated, in her presence, those whom a vague idea of her had previously made her enemies. You might be grazed, be wounded, in the contest; but you always went away healed, or at least she had applied balsam to the sore."

"You desire, then, my death or my dishonour?" said an emigrant to her in Switzerland, as he was going to the army on the frontiers. "No," answered she, "what I wish is your defeat, and your glory: I would have you, except being slain, be like Hector, the hero of a vanquished army."

The following are given as a few of her *bon mots* on public events:—

"While she was in England, in 1814, some person thought fit to congratulate her on the taking of Paris, which put an end to her banishment. To these expressions of politeness she answered, "On what do you compliment me, pray? On my being in the height of distress?" It was from the date of the battle of Leipsic that she began to be alarmed for France."

"In 1815, when Bonaparte had already entered Lyons, a lady, attached to his party, came and said to Madame de Staël, "The emperor knows, Madame, how generously you spoke of him during his misfortunes,"—"I hope," answered she, "he will know how much I detest him."

"During the hundred days, she said, "If all the declamatory phrases, uttered this winter against the revolution, had been enlisted, we should have had plenty of soldiers on the 20th of March."

"In 1816, Mr. Canning having thought proper to say to Madame de Staël, in the apartment of the first gentleman of the bed-chamber in the palace of the Tuilleries, "It is useless to indulge any longer in illusions, madam; France has submitted to us, and we have conquered you."—"Yes," answered she, "because you had all Europe and the Cossacs on your side; but meet us *tête-à-tête*, and we shall see." She said also to Mr. Canning, "The English nation is deceived; it is not aware that it is employed to deprive other nations of the liberty enjoyed by itself, and to protect intolerance toward its brethren in religion: if it knew this, it would renounce those who thus abuse its name."

"France," said she, "must remain as dead, as long as it is occupied by foreigners. First let us have independence, and then think of liberty."

"She said of Mr. De Bonald, "He is the philosopher of anti-philosophy; but this will not carry a man very far."

"The ministerial party," observed she, "looks at the prosaic side of human nature, and opposition at the poetical side. This is why I have always had an inclination for the opinions of the latter."

"Some person once maintained that it was impossible for ministers of state to confine themselves to the employment of strictly legitimate measures. "What would you have me say?" answered she, "he who possesses genius can never have occasion for immorality; and he who has not, should not accept a post of difficulty."

"In 1816, she said of the ministry, "I do not like it, yet I prefer it. It is but a barrier of cotton against the return of old abuses, yet still it is a barrier."

"On occasion of the great number of persons enobled, she said, "It would be best to create France a marquis once for all."

"She set no great value on puns, yet she occasionally uttered them with her usual quickness. In a dispute on the slave trade, with a French lady of high rank, the latter said to her, "What, madam, then you are much interested for the Count of Limonade and the Marquis of Marmalade?"—"Why not as much as for the Duke of Bouillon?" answered she.

"Bonaparte having caused her to be told, in 1815, that she must return to Paris, because he wanted her for the sake of

constitutional ideas, she refused, saying, "he contrived to do without a constitution, and without me, for a dozen years; and he has now the same regard for the one that he has for the other." Even at this period, however, when any Frenchmen passed by Coppet, in their way to join the army of the allies, she endeavoured to divert them from their design, not approving their endangering the independence of the nation, even to acquire liberty.

"She was already dangerously ill, when the "Manuscript from St. Helena" began to make a great noise in France. Notwithstanding the state of weakness to which Madame de Staël was reduced, she made her children read the work to her, and criticised it with all her strength of mind. "The Chaldeans worshipped the serpent," said she; "the Bonapartists do the same to the Manuscript from St. Helena; but I am far from sharing their admiration. It is but in the style of the notes of the *Moniteur*; and, if ever I recover, I think I can refute this writing with a high hand."

"One of Bonaparte's ministers having desired her to be told, that the emperor would reward her if she would attach herself to him, she answered, "I was aware that a certificate of being alive is necessary to the receipt of an annuity, but I did not know that it required a declaration of love."

Notwithstanding the liberality and noble facility of Madame de Staël's disposition, great order was observed in the management of her house and estate; so that her circumstances were constantly prosperous when under her government. Her mornings she devoted to business, that is, to the care of her property, and to study; and her evenings to society, and to correspondence:—

"The only luxury on which she set any value, was the having accommodation for her friends, and being able to invite to dinner persons with whom she wished to become acquainted. "I have hired a cook that travels post," said she: "is not this exactly what I wanted, to give dinners in dishabille throughout Europe?"

The following anecdote is highly characteristic, and displays Madame de Staël in a very amiable point of view:—

"About twenty years ago, when on a visit to me in the country, it was proposed to play *proverbs*. A sketch of Marmontel, entitled, *Le Bavard*, (The Prater,) was selected, in which a great lady, ill and nervous, consents to use her interest in favour of an old soldier, who is soliciting a pension; but, on the express condition that he states his case to her in the fewest words possible. The prater, who is duly cautioned beforehand, nevertheless indulges himself in such an exuberance of words, that he exhausts the patience of his patroness, and she will have nothing more to say to him. Madame de Staël represented the great lady. At first she acted her part very well; she counterfeited languor to perfection, next weariness, then vexation and impatience; but when the moment came for inflicting pain on the old soldier, it was impossible for her to bring herself to this. He had spoken of his wife and children; he was, at bottom, one of the best men in the world; it required too hard a heart to refuse him. Quitting, therefore, altogether, her assumed character, and totally destroying the point of the piece, she told him with real emotion, that in future he had better not talk so much, but that for this time she would undertake his suit. Such, in fact, was Madame de Staël; she was not only incapable of giving pain to any person voluntarily, but, subject as she was to *ennui*, she really felt none when she could be useful to others."

Of her religious character we have the following account:—

"Among the happy effects of time on Madame de Staël, must be included the greater stability that religious ideas were continually acquiring in her mind, and the improving habit of applying them to the actual occurrences of life. Her scruples, which had always looked to the consequences of her actions,

attached
timental
tion with
penetrat
she to he
subject o
as abse
ment of
quest to
"Mad
your to
the high
Prayer to
custome
her mind
habit of
following
nature!
sentimen

In he
virtues
days wh
acts of l
"She v
way. "
observed
liberty."
"On q
man, I a
slightest
slightest

"Unq
children
thusiasm
eternal s
daughter
treasures
objects o
should l
were at a
me in a
really fe
an imagin
idea of p
death, m
so much
descripti
with hope
father wa
held her
thing but
heart; an
both. O
"I think
I am sur
ideas bec

"Her
tranquilli
she expir
parted ge

It can
any furt
sent wor
friend, a
avowed;
nion resp
is so by

This v
may pref
tunity; v
well exe

attached themselves more to their motives. Prayer, that sentimental want of her's, placing her incessantly in communication with the source of all excellence, caused a pure light to penetrate her heart. "Whenever I am alone I pray," said she to her children. She wrote to me, from Sweden, on the subject of Mr. de Montmorency: "There is no such thing as absence to the religious, because they meet in the sentiment of prayer." Every moment we find in her letters a request to pray for her, and her children.

'Madame de Staël thought it was pride in man to endeavour to penetrate the secret of the universe; and speaking of the higher metaphysics, she said, "I prefer the Lord's Prayer to it all." During her long sleeplessness, she was accustomed to repeat this prayer incessantly, in order to calm her mind. Sighs, certain exclamations that she was in the habit of uttering, were with her pious invocations. Thus the following words that escaped her frequently, "Poor human nature! alas! what are we? Ah, life, life!" were religious sentiments venting themselves.'

In her last illness she was seen constantly exerting the virtues for which she was distinguished; and, on the days when she suffered most pain, she was employed in acts of kindness:—

'She was heard to utter delightful sayings, in her peculiar way. "I have always been the same, lively and sad," she observed to Mr. Chateaubriand, "I love God, my father, and liberty."

'On quoting these words of Fontenelle; "I am a Frenchman, I am fourscore years old, yet I never ridiculed the slightest virtue:" she added, "I can say as much of the slightest suffering."

'Unquestionably she felt great regret at parting with her children and friends. Stoicism, or the particular kind of enthusiasm that is capable of closing the heart to the pains of eternal separation, entered not into her character. Her daughter in particular cost her many tears. "With such treasures of affection," she dictated for me, in speaking of the objects of her regard, "it is a sad thing to quit life." "I should be very sorry," she said likewise, "if every thing were at an end between Albertine, (Madame de Broglie,) and me in another world." But she rather regretted life, than really feared death. She may have dreaded the last pangs; an imagination like hers may have felt some horrors at the idea of physical dissolution, terrible as it is to all of us; but death, morally considered, gave her no alarm. She preserved so much tranquillity, as to wish to dictate to Mr. Schlegel the description of what she felt. Her thoughts were always turned with hope towards her father, and towards immortality. "My father waits for me on the other shore," she said. She beheld her father with God, and in God himself could see nothing but a father. These two ideas were confounded in her heart; and that of a protecting goodness was inseparable from both. One day, rousing from a state of reverie, she said, "I think I know what the transition from life to death is; and I am sure, that the goodness of God softens it to us. Our ideas become confused, and the pain is not very acute."

'Her confidence was not disappointed; the profoundest tranquillity presided over her last moments. Long before she expired, the grand struggle had ended, and her soul departed gently.'

It can scarcely be necessary to extend this article by any further remarks on Madame de Staël; or on the present work. That it is written with the partiality of a friend, and an ardent admirer of Madame de Staël, is avowed; and yet there is scarcely an assertion or an opinion respecting her, that has not already been justified, or is so by the present volume.

This work is published in French, so that those who may prefer reading it in the original, will have the opportunity; we may, however, observe, that the translation is well executed.

A Letter to the Bishop of St. David's, occasioned by his Lordship's Misconceptions and Misrepresentations of a Pamphlet, entitled, 'Reflections concerning the Expediency of a Council of the Church of England and the Church of Rome being holden, &c.' By Samuel Wix, A. M. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 108. London, 1819.

To enter fully into a discussion of the question which this letter embraces, it might seem necessary that we should have read Mr. Wix's first pamphlet, and the Bishop of St. David's Letter to Lord Kenyon, in answer to it. We have not, however, seen either of these works, and, therefore, shall notice the subject very briefly.

It appears, that in 1818, Mr. Wix, who is the Vicar of St. Bartholomew-the-Less, London, published a pamphlet, suggesting the 'expediency of a council of the church of England and the church of Rome being holden, with a view to accommodate religious differences, and to promote the unity of religion in the bond of peace.' Differing, as we do, with Mr. Wix, as to the slightest probability of any accommodation taking place between the church of England and that of Rome, or, indeed, between any of the numerous sectaries into which the Christian world is divided; we cannot but wish that it was the case, and that the petty feuds which keep society in perpetual ferment, were for ever annihilated.

The Bishop of St. David's took the alarm on a proposition, which, it is probable, seemed to him quite monstrous, and accused Mr. Wix of a disposition towards Popery, and with a wish that a re-union of the church of England, with the church of Rome, in her unreformed state, should take place.

It is the object of the present pamphlet to correct this misrepresentation, which Mr. Wix does calmly and dispassionately, and yet very satisfactorily, and proves, that whatever difference of opinion may exist on the subject, his sentiments are such as no clergymen of the church of England need be ashamed to avow. We recommend the pamphlet to all who feel interested in polemical controversy, or in the cause of religious toleration, for that is certainly involved in the question.

Original Communications.

ORIGIN OF ALE HOUSE OR TAVERN SIGNS.

SIR THOMAS BROWN is of opinion, that the human faces described in ale house signs, in coats of arms, &c. for the sun and moon are reliques of paganism, and that these visages originally implied Apollo and Diana. Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, in reference to this custom inquires,

'Tell me but what's the nat'ral cause
Why on a sign no painter draws
The full moon ever, but the half?'

The *Bush* is, perhaps, one of the most ancient of ale-house signs, and hence has arisen the well known proverb, 'Good wine needs no bush,' that is, nothing to point out where it is sold. In 'Greene in Conceit,' 4to. 1598, p. 10, we read, 'Good wine needs no ivie bush;' and, in 'England's Parnassus,' Lond. 1600, the first line of the address to the reader runs thus:—'I hang no ivie out to sell my wine.' In Brathwaite's 'Strappado for the Di-vell,' 8vo. Lond. 1615. p. 1, there is a dedication to Bacchus, 'Sole Sovereigne of the Ivy Bush, prime founder of

Red Lattices, &c. In Dekker's 'Wonderful Yeare,' 4to. Lond. 1603, we read, 'Spied a bush at the end of a pole, (the ancient badge of a country ale-house).' In Harris's 'Drunkard's Cup,' p. 299, 'Nay, if the house be not worth an ivy bush, let him have his tooles about him. Nutmegs, rosemary, tobacco, with other the appurtenances, and he knows how of puddle ale to make a cup of English wine.'

Coles, in his 'Introduction to the Knowledge of Plants,' p. 65, offers a reason why the ivy has been used; he says, 'Box and Ivy last long green; and, therefore, vintners make their garlands thereof; though, perhaps, ivy is the rather used, because of the antipathy between it and wine.'

In Scotland, a wisp of straw upon a pole is, or was, some years ago, the indication of an ale-house, and the practice of using green boughs is still used at Borough-bridge, in Yorkshire, at their annual fair, in June, which lasts a week or ten days; during this time, several houses are opened as ale-houses, and a green bough is invariably hung out as the sign.

But putting up boughs, as a sign of any thing to be sold, was not confined to ale-houses only, for, 'in old times, such as sold horses were wont to put flowers or boughes upon their heads, to reveale that they were vendible*.' In allusion to this practice, Nash, in his 'Christ's Teares over Jerusalem,' 4to. 1613, p. 145, speaking of the head-dresses of London ladies, says, 'Even as angels are painted in church windowes, with glorious golden frontes, besett with sun-beames, so beset they their foreheads on either side with glorious borrowed gleamy bushes; which, rightly interpreted, should signifie beauty to sell, since a bush is not else hanged forth, but to invite men to buy. And, in Italy, when they set any beast to sale, they crown his head with garlands, and bedeck it with gaudy blossoms, as full as ever it may stick.'

The chequers, at this time, the common sign of a public-house, was originally intended for a kind of draught board, and showed that there the game of draughts might be played. From their colour, which was red, and the similarity to a latticing, it was corruptly called the *Red Lattice*, which word is frequently used by ancient writers, to signify an ale-house, as appears by the following extract, from the Drunkard's Perspective, by Joseph Rigbie, Lond. 1656.

"The tap-house fits them for a jaile,
The jaile to th' gibbet sends them without faile,
For those that through a lattice sang of late,
You oft find crying through an iron gate."

Our old plays abound with allusions to the red lattice. In Marston's 'First Part of Antonio and Melida,' we read, 'as well known by my wit, as an ale-house by a red lattice.' So in 'A Fine Companion,' one of Shackerly Marmion's plays, 'A Waterman's Widow at the sign of the Red Lattice in Southwark.' And in the 'Miserics of Inforced Marriage,' 1607,—'Tis treason to the *Red Lattice*, enemy to the sign post.' Shakespeare, whom nothing escapes, also noticed it in King Henry IV, part second; Falstaff's page, speaking of Bardolph, says, 'he called me even now my lord, through a *Red Lattice*, and I could see no part of his face from the window.'

Hence, says Mr. Steevens, the present chequers; but, from a view of a street in Pompeii, presented by Sir Wil-

* English Fortune Teller. 4to. Lond. 1609.

liam Hamilton to the Society of Antiquaries, it appears, that shops, with the sign of the chequers, were common among the Romans.

In Richard Flecknoe's Enigmatical Characters, speaking 'of your Fanatick Reformers,' he observes, 'as for signs, they have pretty well begun their reformation already, changing the sign of the Salutation of the *Angel and our Lady* into the Souldier and Citizen, and the *Katharine Wheel* into the Cat and Wheel; so as there only wants their making the *dragon* to kill St. George, and the Devil tweak St. Dunstan by the nose, to make the reformation complete. Such ridiculous work they make of their reformation, and so zealous are they against all mirth and jollity, as they would pluck down the sign of the *Cat and Fiddle* too, if it durst but play so loud as they might hear it.'

In the British Apollo, fol. Lond. 1710, vol. 14, we have the following verses on some of the signs in London:—

I'm amaz'd at the signs
As I pass through the town;
To see the odd mixture,
A Magpie and Crown,
The Whale and the Crow,
The Razor and Hen,
The Leg and Seven Stars,
The Bible and Swan,
The Ax and the Bottle,
The Tun and the Lute,
The Eagle and Child,
The Shovel and Boot.'

Many of the ale-house or tavern signs in London are so incongruous or ridiculous, that it is difficult to conceive how they have originated; that many of them are corruptions, and decidedly different from what they formerly were is certain, but this cannot have been the case with several which caprice alone could have dictated. We shall now proceed to notice a few of them.

Bull and Mouth.—This formidable sign, as now represented in Bull and Mouth Street, (for it does not exist in name only, but has been painted) is a corruption of Boulogne Mouth, or the entrance into Boulogne Harbour. In the reign of Henry VIII, Boulogne was besieged and taken; the event was one of which the English were justly proud, and as one of the means (and a very common one) of perpetuating it, signs were painted of the harbour.

Bull and Gate.—This is a perversion of the original, similar to the last. Sir William Hardres, who displayed great valour at the seige of Boulogne, brought away, as a military trophy, one of the gates of that town, which long remained in that family, at their seat, near Canterbury. It was composed of wood, with transverse bracers, well studded with iron nails, and a small wicket door connected with it. The modern sign of Bull and Gate is a vulgar etymon of this Boulogne Gate, which was the original sign.

The Bag of Nails. This well-known sign, at Chelsea, is generally believed to be a corruption of a groupe of Bacchanals dancing; though some antiquaries have recently doubted it.

The Bear and Ragged Staff.—A passage in the Memoirs of Philip de Comines, suggests a more than probable hint for the origin of this sign. 'I was,' he said, 'invited by Monsieur de Vancler, to dine with him when I was at Calais; where I found him well attended, with a

Ragged
vice of
the sam
not have
me at di
messeng
the wh

It is
Ragged
of Warw
houses o
is proba

Belle
known i
bell and
don, tha
suppose
of a sav
beautifu
But the
court of
be in the
sessed t
Compan

Blossa
on which
der of bl
the house

The L
on sign
by the
through
at an inn
the Whi
after the
a name w
used as a

Bolt in
in Arche
bow, fro
was not a
bolt into
the best
shot his

The C
Wheel.

at Alexar
phers to
Maxentiu
genious
From th
but after
been disc
created, i
The habi
Sinai,' w
armed wi
with bloc

The C
sentation
says to Si
'By Coc
which Sh
Cock is o
by many

Ragged-staff of gold upon his bonnet, which was the device of the Earl of Warwick; the rest of the guests had the same device of *Ragged-staffs*; but they who could not have them of gold, had them of cloth.' It was told me at dinner, 'that within a quarter of an hour after the messenger was arrived from England with the news, that the whole town had got into his badge.'

It is not improbable, therefore, that the sign of the *Ragged-staff* derived its origin from the arms of the Earl of Warwick, who was eternized in the dispute of the houses of York and Lancaster. The bear prefixed to it is probably of the same kind of origin.

Belle Sauvage.—The coaches that ran to this well-known inn, used to have painted on their pannels, *a large bell and a savage man*. I find, from Nightingale's London, that the coffee-house formerly exhibited what was supposed to have been the original sign, the representation of a *savage woman*, derived from a romantic story of a beautiful wild French female, called '*La Belle Sauvage*.' But the real etymon, both of the inn and the yard, or court of the same name in which it is situated, appears to be in the name of *Isabella Savage*, a lady who once possessed these premises and conveyed them to the Cutler's Company.

Blossom's Inn—derives its name from its ancient sign, on which was painted a figure of St. Lawrence, in a border of *blossoms* or flowers. Hence also the lane in which the house is situate, is called *Lawrence Lane*.

The *Blue Boar*, as we now generally see it represented on sign boards, was one of the badges of cognizance born by the House of York. When Richard III passed through Leicester, on his way to Bosworth Field, he slept at an inn which, according to tradition, was then called the *White Boar*, whose crest and supporters it was; but, after the battle, the landlord changed it to the *Blue Boar*, a name which it has ever since retained, though no longer used as a public-house.

Bolt in Tun.—This sign had its origin, like many others, in Archery. The Normans used the arbalest, or cross-bow, from which they shot an arrow or bolt. The mark was not a target, but a cask, and he who could shoot his bolt into the bung-hole of the cask or tun, was considered the best marksman. Hence arises the proverb, 'He has shot his bolt.'

The *Catherine Wheel*, sometimes corrupted into *Cat and Wheel*. St. Catherine, according to the legend, was born at Alexandria, and, for converting fifty heathen philosophers to Christianity, was sentenced, by the Emperor Maxentius, to death, on a wheel, designed by the most ingenious cruelty, and armed with knives, saws, and nails. From this horrible torture, she was rescued by an angel but afterwards decapitated. Her relics were said to have been discovered in Mount Sinai, and a military order was created, in 1063, to protect pilgrims going to her tomb. The habit of these 'Knights of St. Catherine, of Mount Sinai,' was white, on which was delineated a half wheel, armed with spikes, and transversed with a sword stained with blood.

The *Cock and Pie*.—This is an hyroglyphical representation of an ancient adjuration; thus, Justice Shallow says to Sir John Falstaff, in the second part of Henry IV, 'By *Cock and Pie*, Sir, you shall not away to night!' which Shakespeare's annotators have thus explained:—*Cock* is only a corruption of the sacred name, as appears by many passages in the old interludes, Gammer Gur-

ton's Needle, &c.; as *Cock's bones*, *Cock's wounds*, *Cock's mother*. The *Pie* is a table or rule, in the old Roman offices, shewing, in a technical way, how to find out the service which is to be read upon each day. In the second preface concerning the service of the church, prefixed to 'the Book of Common Prayer,' this table is mentioned as follows:—'Moreover, the number and hardness of the rules called the *Pie*, and the manifold changes, &c.'

The *Eagle and Child*—is the crest of the Earl of Derby, and owes its origin to the following circumstance:—Sir Thomas Lathom, who lived in the reign of Edward III, had, by his wife, only one child, a daughter, named Isabel, who was married to Sir John Stanley, but he had an illegitimate son by a Mary Oskatel, which he directed to be laid secretly at the foot of a tree, on which an eagle had built her nest, and pretending to have accidentally discovered the infant, he persuaded his lady to adopt it, and, at the same time, assumed for his crest, an eagle looking backwards as for something she had lost or was taken from her. The child, who was afterwards known by the title of Sir Oskatel Lathom, was long considered as heir to his estate; but Sir Thomas, shortly before his death, revealed the fraud, and left the bulk of his property to his legitimate daughter, Lady Stanley, whose descendants altered the Lathom crest of an eagle regardant to an eagle triumphing over and preying upon a child. X.

MODERN CINDERELLA.

NO FICTION.

AT a recent representation, in Paris, of the *Sicilian Vespers*, a young lady lost one of her shoes in the crowd. It was found by a gentleman, a great amateur of handsome feet; he was delighted to discover that it was a perfect chef-d'œuvre of a slipper; his imagination became inflamed with the idea of the delicious proportions which it indicated; and he resolved, cost what it would, to discover the fair damsel to whom it belonged. For many days, all his inquiries were fruitless, but, reflecting that the lady, with the small foot, could not have returned home without a voiture, he addressed himself, by turns, to all the hackney coachmen in the vicinity of the Odeon, and was fortunate enough to find out one who did recollect having, some evenings before, driven a lady home from the theatre, who limped as she stepped to her coach, but whether from want of a shoe, or from natural lameness, he could not tell. The gallant slipper hunter was elated at the intelligence; he made the coachman drive him immediately to the house where the lady had alighted, and, on announcing the purpose of his visit, he had the pleasure of actually discovering the fair object of his search in the person of a pretty milliner girl, as handsome as pretty, and as youthful as handsome. All that his imagination had conceived of her small foot was nothing to the reality; the sight of it electrified him; and, in spite of an utter disproportion of rank and fortune, he did not hesitate a moment in making the lady a tender of his hand. The offer was accepted, and the fair milliner is now the Baroness de B—.

THE GHOST.

'I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air!'—DR. YOUNG.

As though the natural evils of life were not sufficient to diversify the chequered path of sorrow and of joy, man has had recourse to artificial evils, and, in the exer-

cise of idle invention, has attempted to raise the tottering structure of folly upon the firm and sacred basis of religion.

The ghost is an object of almost universal terror.

Puerilus, the school-boy, returning from his evening study, must cross the church-yard path. He has heard related surprizing stories of ghosts, apparitions, and hobgoblins, and can scarcely believe that such tales originate in mere delusion, or, that if they did, the delusion would be so generally adopted. He fearfully trembles, and skips more swiftly over his mother earth, (although with much less joy) than he did in the morning at the school-race, where an orange or a toy was the valuable prize of the pursuit. There is old Father James's tomb: poor old man! he was buried yesterday; and Puerilus followed in the mournful train of villagers, who wept at his humble yet regretted funeral, and saw the aged peasant's body committed to the sepulchre with the usual, yet solemn, address of 'earth to earth! ashes to ashes! dust to dust!' The mournful ceremony has raised on his very susceptible brain, impressions of airy figures, which Puerilus fancies he cannot eradicate nor erase. A thousand forms, of various sizes and colours, float before his eyes; a pale phantom near the new made grave, appears to arrest his progress, and to expand its long white arms, as though to embrace him: he would cross the other way and scale the wall, but, unluckily, in that direction, is the costly grave, in which is deposited the corpse of the 'squire, who was barbarously murdered, and Puerilus saw his remains accompanied to the grave with the nodding plume and the armorial achievements, when he was interred with all the grave solemnities of funeral honours and with all the costly appendages of heraldic splendour. The school-fellows of Puerilus have frightened him with the information, that a bleeding figure guards the path leading to the 'squire's tomb, out of which horrid groans are sent forth; therefore he dares not tread that way. He shuts his eyes, and, as he thinks, pursues the shortest way to the gate, but something stops him—trembling he falls, and fears the sprite has seized him! Every nerve quivers—every muscle is convulsed with terror; he fearfully opens his eyes, and discovers with much surprize and delight, that, in consequence of a slight deviation, he pushed against a tombstone near the long expected gate, which he jumps over, runs swiftly home, and sitting upon his stool, relates to his anxious friends, the wonderful adventure of the ghost, whilst the good people evince their credulity and terror, by staring eyes and uplifted hands.

Pneumatologus is a profound metaphysician, and is constantly perusing with delight and advantage Boyle, Locke, and Newton. He is well acquainted with the properties of the material and immaterial world; he writes disquisitions upon the qualities of space, and is the author of several papers on the immaterial nature of spirits, and yet he gives credit to the strange stories of apparitions, and startles with terror at the marvellous tale of a haunted tower. He assures me with a grave countenance, that ghosts are divine messengers, and when I rally him for authorities, he is afraid to adduce any, but that of Saul and the witch of Endor and the visionary reverie of Brutus; I answer him by observing, that the first is decidedly admitted to be a vision and occurred when miracles were performed by God, and that the second was only a dream, originating in the peculiar condition of Brutus at the time.

To me it is a matter of great astonishment, that persons of strong minds should suffer themselves to be deluded, deceived, and prejudiced, by the idle tales of the little school-boy and the ignorant nurse.

God has more ways than one in which to execute his divine commissions, and since I do not admit that spirits are material or that they are permitted to exercise, after death, a voluntary volition upon matter, and since I deny that forms and shapes attend immaterial beings, I feel myself bound to infer and believe, that God does not terrify his human creatures, by bestowing volition upon what are denominated 'the shades of the dead.'

The good man needs no such monitors, and the bad man has enough to fear, without the terrors of the invisible world; or, to speak with becoming modesty, so thinks
* * T.

THE APOTHECARY.

'When call'd, at hand, he answer'd each request
To serve the sick, or succour the distrest.'—DRYDEN.

If I were asked to produce an useful member of society, I would not seek the miser, because he is rich; the libeller, because he is clever; or knock at the door of a monastery for its governor, because he is a recluse; but fix my unequivocal choice on the apothecary. He is a man of good understanding, which has been tutored by the laudable and scientific aid of theoretical and experimental combination. He is not an empiric who obtrudes himself into notice with infallible specifics. He has no pretensions to create noses,—makes no promises to give vision to glass eyes. An apothecary has not only to study causes and effects, to apply antidotes; but he must be 'a searcher of the hearts, and try the reins of men.' The success of his administrations depends much on his patient's habit of body and state of mind. The empiric may seal up a packet of his prodigiously wonderful nostrum, which cures every disorder indiscriminately, and convey it into the world by 'His Majesty's Letters Patent.' But the result must be left to the apothecary's after-prescription, though frequently too late! His life, though an honourable one, is not his own. It is hazarded in the presence of disease, whether contagious or fatal. His time is at every sick person's service, and the peace of his slumbers broken. His strength must not fail, for he flies, as it were, over miles, heedless of the elements, with the greatest despatch: the pulse felt,—the tongue seen,—the bowels consulted,—and the malady ascertained, like a telegraph, he returns to use the means for a remedy, as circumstances require. His mental energy must not fail; his intrepidity not forsake him. He has it not only in his power to assuage pain, but he can pour the oil of consolation into the departing or despairing spirit of his patient. Having much to do with the fair and amiable sex, his knowledge must be general, and his manners irresistibly engaging; for many an apothecary raises pleasure and hope on the sickly cheek, when nothing else can do it.

Agreeable, tender, gentlemanly, and skilful, he hears family histories, but improves them in silence, and buries them in secrecy. He is a man of upright conduct, and, therefore, unblemished reputation. Edinburgh is the great theatre for medical students; London, for their success. Many Scottish practitioners are in this country. They aspire, they persevere, they mostly succeed. But

of what
munera
harpstri

THE
niary c
leaving
amends
were mo
the wron
ber whic
the pena
sixty sh
ished wi
shillings
a comm
were ten
up, thirt

In the
considered
to be ma
fixed by
to pay te
like disti
ox or a c
yard of a
shillings;
there was
party, in
dred shill
further, a
whose hou
The no
minal law
money as
cepting m
were, or
periods; t
was made
the state.
tinguished
thrymsæ;
ealderman,
tus, at 400
son at 267

Is the pi
times, so
his look, co
of friendsh
may take th
he is a grea
least hold g
looke affrig
And this is
angry, but
satisfaction.
or any that s
may tempt
first, and l

of whatever name or country, may we never forget to remunerate that apothecary whom we call in to retune the harpstrings of our frame!

J. R. P.

SAXON LAWS.

THE Saxons were particularly curious in fixing pecuniary compensations for injuries of all kinds, without leaving it to the discretion of the judge to proportion the amends to the degree of injury suffered. These penalties were more or less, according to the time or place in which the wrong was committed, or the part of the body or member which was injured. The cutting of an ear induced the penalty of thirty shillings; if the hearing was lost, sixty shillings. Striking out the front tooth was punished with a fine of eight shillings; the canine tooth, four shillings; the grinders, (*genuinos*), sixteen shillings. If a common person was bound with chains, the amends were ten shillings; if beaten, twenty shillings; if hung up, thirty shillings.

In the same manner injuries to property were generally considered in a criminal light; and the specific amends to be made by the wrongdoer, to the injured party, were fixed by law. A man who mutilated an ox's horn, was to pay ten-pence; but if it was a cow, then two-pence; a like distinction was made between cutting off the tail of an ox or a cow. To fight or make a brawl in the court or yard of a common person, was punished with a fine of six shillings; to draw a sword in the same place, even though there was no fighting, with a fine of three shillings; if the party, in whose yard this happened, was worth six hundred shillings, the amends were treble; and were increased further, according to the circumstances of the person whose house and territory were so violated.

The notion of compensation run through the whole criminal law of the Anglo-Saxons, who allowed a sum of money as a recompense for every kind of crime, not excepting murder. Every man's life had its value, called a *were*, or *capitis estimatis*. This had varied at different periods; therefore, in the time of King Athelstan, a law was made to settle the *were* of every order of persons in the state. The king, who on this occasion was only distinguished as a superior personage, was rated at 30,000 thrymsæ; an archbishop, or earl, at 15,000; a bishop, or ealderman, at 8000; *belli-imperator*, or *summus præfectus*, at 4000; a priest, or thane, at 2000; a common person at 267 thrymsæ.

A FLATTERER

Is the picture of a friend, and, as pictures flatter manie times, so hee oft shewes fairer then the true substance; his look, conversation, companie, and all the outwardnes of friendship more pleasing by odds, for a true friend may take the liberty to be sometimes offensive, whereas he is a great deale more cowardly, and will not let the least hold goe, for feare of losing you. Your meere soure looke affrights him, and makes him doubt his casheering. And this is one sure marke of him, that he is never first angry, but ready, though upon his owne wrong, to make satisfaction. Therefore he is never yok't with a poore man, or any that stands on the lower ground, but whose fortunes may tempt his pains to deceive him. Him hee learns first, and learns well, and growes hee fitter in his hu-

mours, then himselfe, and by this doore enters upon his soule, of which hee is able at last to take the very print and marke, and fashion his own by it, like a false key to open all your secrets. All his affections jumpe even with yours; hee is beforehand with your thoughts, and able to suggest them unto you. He will commend to you first what hee knowes you like, and has alwayes some absurd story or other of your enemie, and then wonders how your two opinions should jumpe in that man. Hee will aske your counsell sometimes as a man of deepe judgement, and has a secret of purpose to disclose you, and whatsoever you say, is persuaded. Hee listens to your words with great attention, and sometimes will object that you may confute him, and then protests hee never heard so much before. A piece of wit bursts him with an overflowing laughter, and hee remembers it for you to all companies, and laughs again in the telling. He is one never chides you but for your virtues, as *you are too good, too honest, too religious*; when his chiding may seeme but the earnest commendation, and yet would faine chide you out of them too, for your vice is the thing he has use of, and wherein you may best use him, and hee is never more active then in the worst diligences. Thus at last he possesses you from your selfe, and then expects but his lyre to betray you. And it is a happiness not to discover him, for as long as you are happy, you shall not.—*Bishop Earle's Microcosmographia.*

Original Poetry.

TO —.

I love thy pale cheek,
And thy dim dark eye,
And thy languid smile,
And thy troubled sigh;
But curst be the heart, that
Of peace could bereave thee;
That woo'd thee, and won thee,
To ruin—and leave thee!

I have known the day,
I have known the hour,
When thy cheek out-bloom'd
The loveliest flow'r!
May the blush from thee stol'n,
With thy virtue and fame,
Ever burn on his cheek,
Ever brand him with shame!

I love thy chill gaze
On the cold night sky;
Thy silent reproach
For man's treachery;
Oh! I wish him no worse
Than to hear thy last breath
Reproach with forgiveness,
When fading in death!

Queen Street, Cheapside.

Y. F.

THE DOWAGER.

A THIN old lady, seated in a chair,
With china fan, roug'd cheeks, and flaxen hair;
In her tiara, gems her head adorn,
And on her fingers diamond rings are worn;
Her ears, like chandeliers, are dropt with gold,
And, in the light, are splendid to behold;
O'er her left shoulder whitest plumes recline,
And when she moves with gracefulness they twine:

Her gown, in many a fold of rich brocade,
 Tho' worn by age, should seem, for youth was made,
 And, lac'd at bottom, waves about her feet,
 In white kid shoes bedeck'd with rosettes neat;
 To hear her talk, one might suppose a mill
 Was driv'n by water, or the wind, at will;
 Save when the painted papers dealt around,
 Then, like a judge, she thinks and looks profound,
 And smiles, and frowns, as fortune keeps the sway,
 To win a mansion, or a dowry pay. J. R. P.

SONNET TO FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, bless'd solace!—antidote to woe!
 Youth's best instructor—finest prop of age;
 From *its* benignant source what blessings flow!
 Life's sternest griefs *its* power can assuage.

But friendship unalloy'd, alas! how rare;
 The darkest demons oft assume *its* shape;
 Ruthless assassins in *its* form appear,
 And treach'rous hypocrites *its* likeness ape.

The power mine—*its* influence should extend
 Around the globe—that men, (who brothers are,)
 Might, in their *own*, their *neighbours'* rights defend,—
 In love and amity life's blessings share.

May in my breast e'er glow the gen'rous flame,
 And may my tongue ne'er prostitute *its* name!

Strand, Nov. 30, 1819.

J. PARRISH.

STANZAS TO —.

In vain thy friendly hope to soothe—
 In vain thy smile—in vain thy song;
 They bring not back the dreams of youth,
 That flattering and transient throng!
 There is no charm in Beauty's eye—
 There is no spell in Glory's call—
 Unblest to live—unmourned to die—
 This is my doom—and this is all!

In sadness born—in sorrow bred—
 My earliest knowledge came with tears;
 And drooped my reckless infant head
 With thoughts that were of other years.
 What could it be that crushed my heart?
 What could it be that dimmed my eye?
 That bade me from all pleasure start,
 To heave the deep and secret sigh?

Was it the fear of that which now,
 In bitter sad reality,
 Hath made my humbled spirit bow
 In silence to my destiny?
 Am I not doomed through life to feel
 All that Life's wretched victims know?
 And can I hope my heart to steel
 Against such deep and ceaseless woe?

J. W. D.

ON SOLITUDE.

BY J. D. NEWMAN.

To Miss M. G—l—n.

WHITHER shall we fly from sorrow,
 What will give the soul relief,
 When 'tis filled with gloomy horror,
 Burthened with oppressive grief:
 Will the crowded ball room's mirth
 Ever change the gloomy mood,
 Is one hour of riot worth
 A moment passed in solitude?

No! even should a smile appear,
 'Tis not one of sportive joy;
 And in the eye the humid tear
 Will every hope of mirth destroy;
 E'en in the midst of pleasure's dream
 Will sorrowing thoughts of woe intrude,
 And make the splendid ball room scene
 More dreadful far than solitude.

O yes! to see the young and gay
 Dance on the light fantastic toe,
 To hear them laugh the hours away,
 When thine own breast is fill'd with woe;
 Is far more dreadful than to roam
 Where human foot will ne'er intrude,
 To wander in the leafy grove
 And weep unseen in solitude.

Yes; I have felt its soothing aid,
 When sorrow's woe has warped my mind,
 When o'er the silent sod I've strayed
 And breathed my anguish to the wind;
 Yes, I have faced the furious storm
 And listen'd to the whirlwind rude,
 Have seen the lightning's vivid form,
 Yet, still have blessed this solitude.

How many seek the sparkling bowl,
 And fancy it supremest bliss;
 And shackle the immortal soul
 For such a poisonous charm as this;
 From scenes like these, with tearful eyes,
 To see each vicious joy renewed,
 The wise and virtuous being flies
 To meditate in solitude.

For solitude has charms to please,
 Charms to the virtuous dear alone,
 Conveying to the mind at ease
 A pleasure to the vile unknown;
 The vicious mind will fly its gloom,
 And deep reflective thought elude;
 With terror view the peaceful tomb,
 That last, that dreaded solitude.

But see the virtuous man, when fate
 Unbars the unknown gates of death,
 With hopes of future bliss elate,
 Yield up his last expiring breath!
 He seeks in his Creator's arms
 A refuge from life's tempest rude,
 And views, with breast void of alarms,
 The grave's impervious solitude.

Fine Arts.

THE NEW MODEL FOR A CROWN PIECE,

PUBLISHED BY MR. MUDIE.

IF Mr. Mudie had fortunately submitted his beautiful model to the master of the Mint, previous to the issue of the present crown pieces, by Pistrucci, we should have been gratified in finding the royal arms of England impressed upon the five shilling coin, instead of the whole of the reverse being occupied with a spearless knight, mounted on a maneless horse, contending with a non-descript dragon, whose tongue and tail had been clipped of their accustomed forken ends. And even those who entertain a superstitious reverence for the figure of the English saint, would not have been wholly disappointed, had the proposed pattern been nationalized by royal proclamation.

I acknowledge I am equally staggered by the reflec-

tion, tha
 as by th
 should b
 ing parli
 rial hous

But w
 adoptin
 when th
 W. W.
 ing, that
 issue, he
 of M. P.

Instea
 years an
 face of
 thentic li
 with the
 extremity
 vanced a
 much to
 natural a
 neral 'Ta
 which I
 any upon
 practicab

The iq
 Gratia.

The r
 Britain,
 ing the a
 the arrang

In the
 dragon, e
 soit qui n
 posite to
 the Eng
 cond, is
 British li
 rian horse
 appropri
 mounted
 and the r

I thin
 Rex,' in
 improper
 portrait i
 wreath g

The re
 to be ver

The w
 edge, as
 ingenious

The ed
 high to p
 The n
 Webb, w
 model.

DRURY
 up in a m
 ment of t

* Th

tion, that we applied to a foreigner to work our mint dies, as by the consideration, that the Norman, or law French, should be the tongue in which the king's pleasure respecting parliamentary acts, should be conveyed to the imperial house of parliament.

But we cannot censure the master of the Mint for not adopting Mr. Mudie's model, since it was not designed when the present crown-piece was issued; and Mr. W. W. Pole displays his taste and good sense in declaring, that had this pattern been shown to him, before such issue, he should have given it a decided preference to that of M. Pistrucci, at present in circulation.

Instead of a venerable monarch, of the age of eighty years and upwards, appearing to our view, in the globular face of a man of forty, Mr. Mudie presents to us an authentic likeness of his majesty: his face properly furrowed with the natural lines of age, and with the wrinkles at the extremity of the eye and next the temple, which the advanced age of the king has produced. It cannot be too much to assert, that Mr. Mudie's portrait is by far more natural and faithful than that of M. Pistrucci, when General Taylor, the royal companion, states, in a letter which I have seen, that the likeness is very preferable to any upon the current coin, and is as accurate as he thinks practicable.

The inscription round the head is, 'Georgius III, Dei Gratia.'

The reverse displays the armorial emblems of Great Britain, Ireland, and Hanover, and if the *idea** of dividing the arms as here displayed, be not perfectly new, yet the arrangement or disposition certainly is.

In the very centre of the reverse, is St. George and the dragon, encircled with the garter, bearing the motto, '*honi soit qui mal y pense*'; outside which are four shields, opposite to one another, forming a cross, on one of which is the English lion rampant, properly emblazoned; on the second, is the Irish harp; on the third, are the three British lions passant; and, on the fourth, is the Hanoverian horse. Each of the shields is surmounted with the appropriate crown. Between the shields are represented, mounted on arabesque, the horse, the trefoil, the thistle, and the rose, which complete the reverse of the piece.

I think, that the omission of the words, 'Britannia Rex,' in the inscription round the head on the obverse, is improper, and, as I believe, very unusual. The king's portrait is well executed, in bold relief, and the laurel wreath graces his brows.

The reverse is finely worked, and the design is allowed to be very beautiful.

The words, '*decus et tutamen*,' are not placed on the edge, as at present, since M. Pistrucci lays claim to that ingenious invention.

The edge of Mr. Mudie's model is scarcely sufficiently high to protect the figure of the coin from injury.

The name of Mills, and the initials of Mudie and Webb, who were engaged in the work, appear on the model. * * T.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—The *Siege of Belgrade* has been got up in a manner which reflects great credit on the management of this theatre. The parsimonious manner in which

* The philosopher and the logician will excuse the term.

talent has generally of late years been dealt out, has been entirely discarded, and the whole operatic strength of the house brought forth on the occasion. Mr. Braham, as the Seraskier, in addition to the original compositions of Storace, introduced that delightful ballad, 'My Heart with Love is beating,' which was encored, and executed, (if possible,) with increased effect. A new song, composed by T. Cooke, the words by Soane, was not very successful, although in the hands of Braham; but he amply compensated for this in 'Shall the Mountain look down to the Valley or Plain,' from the opera of *Kais*, which he sung with Mr. T. Cooke; and the duet, 'When thy Bosom heaves the Sigh,' in which Miss Byrne and Braham presented some of the finest contrasts of which harmony is susceptible. The part of Lilla, in which Madame Storace was so very successful, was sustained by Miss Byrne; it afforded a severe trial for her talents, but the manner in which she acquitted herself proved that she was fully equal to the task. She was encored in almost every song. Miss Carew appeared, for the first time, as Katharine, and sung and played admirably. Mr. T. Cooke, Mr. Pearman, and Mr. Thorne, added much to the interest of the piece, by the able manner in which they supported the characters assigned to them. Harley, as Leopold, and Butler, as Yuseph, were quite at home. An opera, so powerfully performed, could not fail of being attractive; the house was well filled, and we calculate on the *Siege of Belgrade* being often repeated.

The visit of Prince Leopold to this theatre on Tuesday night, to witness *Wild Oats*, drew an overflowing house.

On Wednesday night, Mr. Kean appeared as *Macbeth*, with less effect than we have generally seen him play the character. The bloody dagger scene was the only one in which we thought him successful; in the fifth act he completely failed in voice, and, by continuing the combat with Macduff to an unnecessary length, he appeared to have fatigued himself so much, as to be unable to exhibit that terrific grandeur which *Macbeth* must display, even in his dying scene. There was one novelty (we do not know whether it was an attractive one or not) in the performance. Mr. Kean wore 'a sword of state,' which his admirers in Edinburgh presented him with, through Sir John Sinclair, who wrote a silly letter on the occasion. This sword was so large and unwieldy, that really we think Mr. Kean pays a dreadful penance for the honour, in wearing it, since it was quite embarrassing. He observed Sir John's directions how to carry it (for the law against drilling and training was not in force when Sir John wrote) sometimes resting on it, and at other times sustaining it on his arm; but still it evidently gave him much uneasiness, and we hope that Mr. Kean will get a dispensation from the baronet, which shall relieve him from using this 'sword of state,' or, if not entirely, at least to confine it to his appearance in Scotland. Mr. Penley played *Macduff* with much spirit. The *Lady Macbeth* of Mrs. Glover was very ineffective.

COVENT GARDEN.—There has been nothing at this theatre during the week that needs critical remark. Mr. Macready has repeated *Coriolanus*, and Miss Tree sustained the character of Diana Vernon and Lucy Bertram, in a manner which gives great promise of future excellence.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Two new pieces, from the pen of Mr. Rodwell, it is said, have been produced at this the-

atre; a burletta in two acts, called *Love and the Chace*, in which Mr. Cowell sings an admirable comic song; and another imitative burletta in one act, entitled *Apollo Daggerwood*. It is a counterpart of the *One, Two, Three by Advertisement*, brought out at the English Opera last season, and the hero is the same Mr. John Reeve, whose imitations have on many occasions been successfully exhibited. Mr. Reeve on this occasion sustained six characters, and displayed more originality in his performance than we had been willing to allow him. His imitations, too, where in his best style; that of Munden as Crack, was a fac simile; that of Harley as Jeremy Diddler, and of Kean as Brutus, were scarcely less successful; in the latter he was encored. Both the pieces were received with much applause, and are likely to run as long as the spirit of novelty will permit them.

THE COBURG THEATRE.—This theatre, during the present week, has afforded ample gratification. A light little piece, entitled *More Ways than One*, from the French, was well supported by Miss Copeland and Mr. Stanley. *The Beauty and the Beast* has also been well dramatised, and got up with much splendour, which was followed by the lively burletta of *'Tis him, 'tis Tim*. These performances, together, form an agreeable and rational evening's entertainment; and if the whole of the minor theatres continue to cultivate a true taste, dropping the vulgarities and buffooneries which formerly characterized some of them, the general effect will eventually be visible in the behaviour and manners of their humbler frequenters. Vulgar swearing upon the stage should always be condemned: the wit of damning can only be appreciated by the very lower orders.

ASTLEY'S.—*Ali Baba or the Forty Thieves*, with *Turpin*, have drawn full attendances throughout the week. The stories are both well known; the romantic character of the former makes it a pleasing subject for representation; but the latter must be condemned for its immoral tendency—although *Turpin* and his companion fall victims to their crimes, yet the pleasure expressed by a part of the audience at the adroitness of some of the pickpockets, is a kind of taste that should be both checked and reprobated.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Perpetual Light of Adalia.—On the eastern coast of Lycia, and the western shores of the Gulf of Adalia, a flame, called *yanar*, is seen to issue from an opening, about three feet in diameter, in the side of a mountain, and in shape resembling the mouth of an oven. Captain Beaufort, of the royal navy, when surveying this part of the coast of Karamania, visited the spot. This mountain, like that of Cuchivano, was volcanic, being composed of crumbling serpentine rock, with loose blocks of limestone; there was not the least appearance of volcanic productions; no tremor of the earth, no noises; neither stones nor smoke, nor noxious vapours, were emitted from the cavity, but a brilliant and perpetual flame issued forth, of an intense heat, and said to be extinguishable by water; the remains of the walls, which had formerly been built near the spot, were scarcely discoloured; and trees, brushwood, and weeds grew close to this little crater, if so it might be called.

The Percy Anecdotes.—A work is announced as in the press, entitled, 'The Percy Anecdotes, collected and arranged under Separate Heads, by Sholto and Reuben Percy, brothers of the Benedictine Monastery Mont Benger.' The first four

parts consist of anecdotes of humanity, eloquence, youth, and enterprise. These are to be followed by others in quick succession.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

Parricide.—The punishment decreed against parricide, in Seneca's age, was, that such malefactors should be sewed up in a leather sack, with serpents, and cast into the sea; afterwards, there was sewed in the same sack, an ape and a cock, and, at last, a dog.

A lady talking to Colbert on business, and he making her no answer—'My lord,' said she, 'at least make some sign that you understand me.'

Impromptu by Curran.

For welcome warm, for greeting kind,
The present thanks the tongue can tell;
But soon the heart no tongue may find,
Then thank thee in a sad farewell.

The French Officer.—A French officer who had served under Henry IV, not having received any pay for a considerable time, came to the king, and confidently said to him, 'Sire, three words with your majesty,—money or discharge.'—'Four with you,' answered his majesty, 'neither one nor t'other.'

Proof Positive.—Moraud, author of *La Capricieuse*, was in a box of the theatre during the first representation of that comedy; the pit loudly expressed their disapprobation at the extravagance and improbability of some traits in this character; the author became impatient, put his head out of the box, and exclaimed, 'Know, gentlemen, this is the very picture of my mother-in-law. What do you say now?'

Palindromical Verses.—The following distich, if read forward and backward, preserve the same sense:—

Signa te, signa: temerè me tangis et angis;
Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor:

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

L., J. R. P., WILFORD, and X. on Christmas Customs, in our next.

The 'Child of Misery,' in an early number.

J. E. G.'s lines to Adela might perhaps be understood by the lady herself; to whom we recommend him to send them.

'The Stage Coach' is not in the writer's happiest style.

This day is published, in 4 vols. 12mo. price 20s.

DACRESFIELD; or, VICISSITUDES ON EARTH: a Novel.

By CORDELIA, Chief Lady at the Court of Queen Mab.

'One great amusement of an household was,

In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,

Still as you turned it, all things that do pass

Upon this ant-hill earth.'—CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

Printed for A. K. NEWMAN and Co. Leadenhall Street.

Where may be had, just published,

THE CASTLE OF VILLA FLORA; a Portuguese Tale, by a British Officer, 3 vols. 16s. 6d.

THE HIGHLANDER, a Tale of My Landlady, 2 vols. 11s.

BRAVO OF BOHEMIA, a Romance, 2nd Edition, 4 vols. 20s.

ISKANDER; or, The Hero of Epirus, a Romance, by Arthur Spencer, 3 vols. 15s.

LONDON:—Published by J. LIMBIRD, 53, Holywell Street, near St. Clement's Church, Strand; where advertisements are received, and communications 'for the Editor' (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by SOUTER, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard; CHAPPLE, Pall Mall; GRAPEL, Liverpool; and by all Booksellers and News-venders in the United Kingdom. Printed by DAVIDSON, Old Boswell Court.